

Ralph Arthur Lemon  
by Arlene Lemon

On March 2, 1918 in Ferron Utah, Ralph Lemon was born to Arthur Andrew and Irena Ralphs Lemon. As the only boy in the family, Ralph learned early to work and helped his father on the farm and with the livestock. He developed a love for horses at an early age, and told the story about a favorite horse which had distemper; after Ralph had raced him with his friends, the horse got sick again. The horse had a fever, and to cool the fever, went into the canal. Ralph held his head above the water to keep him from drowning, but the horse died anyway. He also had a little dog named Rags that Uncle Frank had given him. Rags rode on the back of Ralph's horse when he was riding. Once when they were crossing the deep water of the creek during the spring floods, Rags jumped on in mid stream and rode across.

Ralph attended school at the public schools in Ferron and was elected student body president of South Emery High School during his senior year in 1935-36. After high school, he attended Utah State Agricultural College in Logan for two years, majoring in Agricultural Science and Animal Husbandry.

In 1938, he received a call to serve in the Central States Mission, which encompassed Nebraska, New Mexico, Kansas, and South Dakota. During his mission, he made many contacts and acquaintances who maintained contact with him throughout his life.

Upon completion of his mission in 1940, he enlisted in the Army to serve his country during World War II. He served in the European Theater as a supply sergeant, and told about seeing the inside of Hitler's domain after Hitler had killed himself. He returned to Ferron after the war to farm and work with his father.

During the summer of 1946, Ralph started dating Arlene Cox from Orangeville. They were married in the Manti Temple on January 20, 1947, then moved into the old homestead house that had been built by Ralph's grandfather, John Carid Lemon. The house had deteriorated for no one had lived in it for several years and the local kids had hunted pigeons in the upstairs. There was no running water and the plan to pump water from the old cistern with an electric pump didn't work. A little bit at a time and piece by piece, they bought water pipe and worked at restoring and refurbishing the house.

Ralph always said that Lemons were cheaper by the dozen. December 31, 1947, was the birthdate for Linda, their first child; Lorraine followed on May 20, 1949; then John Ralph on September 10 1950. Marie was born on April 3, 1952; Maureen on April 5 1954; Wendy Kay on April 11, 1958. Because Ralph had always wanted a brother, he was especially anxious for a brother for John. Wade Cox was born on December 29, 1960. Because of his excitement, Ralph offered to pay the town marshal \$10.00 to sound the fire alarm to announce that John Lemon had a brother. Hallie Arthur completed the family on February 15, 1962.

Ralph loved his family and his work. He had the special talent of making his kids think that work was fun. He had a herd of dairy cows and a herd of Hereford range cows. He taught his children to work with the livestock and to farm. He was an innovator in agriculture in the area. He was one of the first to use artificial insemination to improve his cattle herds, and introduced the Dairy Herd Improvement testing to the area. Each of his children remembers working alongside Dad and learning to love the farm and animals, especially horses.

A love for people was another strong point of Ralph's. He served in many Church leadership positions including Bishop, High Council, Stake and Ward Sunday School President, and many others. Anyone who worked for him was sure to get a welcome to the house and a good meal as well as his pay. He also served in many agricultural organization leadership positions such as the local Water and Cattlemen's Board, County Farm Bureau President and State Farm Bureau Board of Directors.

Ralph loved the land and enjoyed his work. He would ride his horse miles out of the way to show his children or Arlene the beautiful view from the top of a hill or down into a canyon.

Ralph and Arlene have raised their family of eight children, and as of February, 1991, are the grandparents of 25 grandchildren. Ralph's heritage as an only boy has not passed onto the grandchildren - there are eighteen boys and seven girls. Though the family is large, Ralph created time to spend with each child, making him or her aware of individual talents and abilities. Each one would be able to say that he or she was Dad's favorite and his very best helper.

After a two year battle with cancer, Ralph passed away on March 3, 1987, one day after his sixty-ninth birthday.

LIFE HISTORY OF IRENE RALPHS LEMON

My mother was Hannah Marie Hansen. My father was Parley P. Ralphs.

I was the seventh child of a family of eight. I had six brothers and one sister. Will, Leon, Clifton, Elvyn, Mirl,\* Neva, Irene, and Walter.

I was born in Ferron, Utah on May 22, 1898.

When I was born, mother was having a hard time, it was in the night, Mrs. Stringham, the midwife, came to help. Chris Peterson came in with news that his wife was in labor, and to get there as soon as she could; Lorenzo Peterson was born shortly after I was.

When I was five, Walter and I were playing, and I ran through a pole fence, a pole fell on me and I broke my collar bone. We didn't have any doctors, so Fred Killpack, the pharmacist, helped me.

I had shingles, which went from my back clear around to the front. Mother had to hold me all the time. It was just like pins sticking in me.

I couldn't talk very plain when I was little, and Freddie Olsen used to come and pay me a penny, or a stick of gum, or something to get me to talk because he thought it was funny.

Ada Petty was my first grade teacher. Millie Burdick was my second grade teacher. Mrs. Burdick stuttered really bad. When school got out, the kids would go out under Mother's potowatomle tree and play school. I always wanted to be the teacher, and I stuttered like Mrs. Burdick so I would sound like a teacher.

Ella Fullsome was my third of fourth grade teacher; she turned out to be my sister-in-law. I always envied her because she was so smart. She married Clarence Lemon.

About my fifth grade year, there were so many in the public school that mother sent us up to the Presbyterian school; they had very good teachers there. I helped with the sweeping and cleaning up at that school; this was my first job. Nova McKenzie worked there with me. She was a Presbyterian and knew where everything was.

~~I took music lessons from Miss McGan, who was a Presbyterian.~~ One day, she got the collection plate and treated all of us who worked there to candy. I'll never forget it. ~~It was my first time~~ <sup>My own who was a Presbyterian.</sup> ~~from Mrs~~ Ethyl Carey, the Home Ec teacher, was also a Presbyterian. She married my brother Cliff. Mother really felt bad about it. They later both joined the Friends Church.

My Mother took the family to Castle Dale so the boys could go to the Academy, which was a Mormon owned school, during the winter we lived in Castle Dale and in the summer we moved back to Ferron. In Castle Dale we rented a house from James Peterson. In the winter it would get so cold at night that my hair would freeze to the wall as the steam from Mother's cooking condensed.

Neva stayed in Ferron with Leon and his wife Surelda, who lived in ~~mothers house~~ <sup>mothers house,</sup> because there wasn't enough room in the Peterson house with the six of us and our one boarder, who was my cousin. (Oscar Keele). Neva and I took sewing from Mrs. Day. I couldn't make very good buttonholes, so Neva made them for me and I got the prize in sewing for the best. That was my first sewing, and I've continued throughout my life for my four girls and now making quilts.

We would get up real early in the morning and go to religion class once a week. Mother was the supervisor. I always went to Primary and Sunday School.

When I was five years old, Father took real sick, father and mother both had ulcers real bad. Father said that if either had to go, that he should; she could take care of the family better than he. He died

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when I was five, Walter was two. That brought much sadness into our home. When he was real bad, my brother El wanted to kneel and pray. Mother had given up hope as they had decided there was no chance for him, not having any doctors.

I took first year High School in the Academy in Castle Dale. I went up to Mrs. Lemon's and worked picking apples and helping out. I met Arth and started going out with him. He had a black buggy and a great big horse named Posie.

Arth had tried to take me home many times, but I didn't like him. I was to Aunt Beauta's one night, he was there for a cattle meeting, he was on the cattle board. Cousin Darkas came in and told me she would ask Arth to the girls dance if it wouldn't make him so conceited.

The next day I went to Mrs. Lemon's to see Kate's new baby. Arth asked to take me home and on the way I asked him to the girls dance. When we walked in the door, <sup>Arth's</sup> Darkas' eyes just popped.

I went with Arth for two years and then he gave me a diamond. I was really proud, it was unusual for people to give diamonds in those days.

The next summer I was 16 years old, I went out to Oak Springs Ranch in Salina Canyon and cooked for my uncles and brothers while they put up hay. There were over ten all together. Tress Hansen who was five or six, was with me for company. I took some of my money from work and bought satin for Neva and I a dress. Mine was peach colored and hers blue. I think it was about 50¢ a yard. That same summer Neva went to Salt Lake to school and to work for her board for Dr. Flood.

We were married on November 20, 1916. We went to Castle Dale in Uncle Clarence's "Tin Lizzie", and were married in Millers Hardware store by Richard Miller, who was the Justice of the Peace. Then we went to Price in Clarence's car and took the train to Salt Lake and stayed at the New Grand Hotel. After, we were going to Mantl, we got on the <sup>old</sup> San Pedro train and it took us all

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day to get from Salt Lake to Manti. While in Manti, we visited with Arth's sister Kate. That's when he was baptized in the temple to be a member of the church. We took the train back to Hiawatha, and Clarence came in his peddle wagon and we rode back to Ferron with him. He was selling fruits and meats to the miners.

We were married in the Logan Temple after Maxine was born, date 22 July, 1925  
I had always lived right in town, and I was so lonesome where we lived now. I would go with Arth on the horse or manure spreader, I went to see mother almost every day and came home and ~~lived~~<sup>stayed</sup>. I don't know how he lived with me for the first year. We had a baby on March 2, 1918. Ralph Arthur, he weighed 12 lbs. Dr. Easley delivered him. Willis Thompson said that there were bugles and cars lined up from Aunt Eunices to the Molen ditch to see the Lemon's growing in the winter time. Ralph was named for my maiden name and Dads name.

In two years, Mae (Emma Marie) was born, February 27, 1920, by Dr. Hill. Ralph couldn't say Marie so he called her Mae, and she has gone by that name since. My mothers name is Hannah Marie and Arth's mother is Emma.

Ralph and Mae were just like twins, they'd run all over together, go up the creek and over to Grandpa Lemon's and swing on the gate into the stock yard.

Grandpa just said to fill this in, " We had four girls, they each had a brother."

Maxine was born on July 20, 1923; she was always a climber, she could <sup>also</sup> curl up in Dads hat box, or in the cupboard in the buffet and found lots of other places to hide.

Beth was born on January 7, 1926. We had just remodeled the kitchen, and had new paint which bothered her. She was really a hard baby and cried a lot. Dr. Dixon said not to worry, she would be one of the smartest children. Dr. Dixon delivered Maxine, Beth, and Jean in our home.

On September 6, 1928, Jean was born. She was our beautiful, smiling baby. When World War II broke out, she got a disease. Dr. Douglas told us she had polio. He sent a specimen to California, but never got a reply back. We didn't know for sure if it was polio. Later, Dr. Hubbard told us she had St. Vidas Disease. This changed her life; she was never the same happy child after that.

Everytime I had a new baby, Ralph would go to the neighbors. When Grandpa brought him home, he would bump his head on the door or floor. When the third girl was born, Grandpa called and wanted him to come and see the new baby. Ralph wanted to know what it was and when he found out it was a girl, he said that he didn't want to see any more girls-- he wanted a brother. When the fourth girl was born, I was disappointed. Ralph and Dad had decided that there weren't to be any more boys in the family. Mrs. Nixon suggested that we name her Jeanne instead of Bohn.

The girls went to the neighbors, <sup>with</sup> had a suitcase with all their dress-up clothes in. They would drag it all over the neighborhood and put on shows.

We had a big tree in the south, they had a real good time playing in it. Maxine could climb in the tree, and they had a playhouse in it.

Every summer we took a trip to the mountains. The men went up to work on the reservoir; we stayed about ten days. We went up in wagons. Most of the Ferron Reservoir was built with a team, scraper and wagons.

When we had the three babies, my mother had gotten word that Willis' daughter, Willma, had spinal meningitis and had passed away. Arth was on the mountain riding to bring the cattle home--mother wanted me to go with her to the funeral. We just bought a Chrysler car, but didn't think I should take it. ~~So~~ Miss Donely, a Presbyterian teacher, had an old ford car so we went with her. She had been so good to Willma. <sup>Miss Donely</sup> She had gotten her the job as nurse in Salt Lake City, <sup>where</sup> that is where she got the disease. I left the three babies over to Aunt Ethel's, our neighbor, and that night

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out there I had such a bad dream or something and felt that we were going to have trouble. When we left, it was raining and storming so bad, and when we got to the canyon the car stopped on us. It wouldn't go forward, so the driver turned it around and tried to go back. My brother, Walter, was with us and we all got out and pushed. We worked all night long and finally got as far as Huntington just as it was coming light. We needed gas and had a time to get the man up to get us gas. We finally made it home, but we were so tired and worn out from pushing the car all night.

Every spring we had big floods come down the river and I had always lived in town and wasn't use to things like that. It worried me, and when the kids went swimming I was so afraid they might be caught in it. One time they were swimming and a big flood came and some got out on one side and some on the other side and their colthes were on the other side, so they had to run down to the swinging bridge without their clothes. I was always dreaming about the flood at night and would jump out of bed and grab the baby. Arth would pull me back to bed.

One summer we went in the old Ford to Boise, Idaho and then to Yellowstone. Park and saw and fed the bears. Ralph and Dad didn't want to leave untill the game warden tod us we had to leave the bears alone.

On the way up, the kids wanted some root beer. Beth went into the store and asked a fellow for some beer. He asked her what brand she wanted; he didn't ask about root beer.

The kids walked to school all the time. They never knew what it was not to walk.

*Game 15 1935*  
In 1932, I was ~~the~~ Ward President of the Primary. I stayed in for

*released June 15 1941*

six years. I loved it very much. Arth Hemon took me and a bunch of women up to Primary Conference on year, we had to leave at about four o'clock in the morning. He slept on a strange ladders <sup>was so kind that he</sup> shoulder all during Conference. I have taught in the Primary many times, I really love the Primary work.



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Ralph got quite enthused about boxing in High School. Mae loved the piano---she got a scholarship to go to Chicago. Ralph was called on a mission on November 6, 1939. As soon as he got home, he was sent into the army. Jean showed a prize steer for Dad and took second place at the Ogden Stock Show. We felt like her pulling him around and fattening him did a lot of good after *hu i liliuokalani*.

Arth was called into the Bishopric on March 20, 1945. He stayed in until 1948. The bishop was Thomas Worthen; Arth was the first counselor, Laverd Ralphs was the second counselor, and Harold Fish was the clerk.

Later on I was assistant secretary in the Relief Society. I taught Sunday School when I was younger.

Dad and I went to Carlsbad Cavern one year.

We went back east and got a Chevy car, with a group to drive cars back. We went to Washington D.C.; Niagara Falls, and crossed over into Canada. The kids stayed home and took care of things. We also went to Palmyra and the Sacred Grove.

We went to Gallup, New Mexico after Ralph came home off his mission and saw the Indian Centennial and the places he had been on his mission. Also, in 1960, we went to the Rose Parade in Pasadena. We went to the World's Fair in Seattle in 1962 with Ester James bus tour and went over into Canada, Van Cover.

In 1966 we went to Hawaii for our Golden Wedding. We went to the Hawaiian Temple, which was the most beautiful temple we have ever seen. Hawaii was the most beautiful place I have ever been to, the land scaping was lovely. Hawaii was just like heaven on earth, so peaceful and quiet. We went to all four islands.

We milked cows, I made butter and sold eggs. I got so I just hated cleaning eggs. We've always raised all our own meat and milk until Ralph borrowed our cows for his dairy. Then we got the milk from him.

We'd kill pork and salt it and bury it in the wheat bins to keep.

They started a beef trust, we got a cut of the calf every week until we'd gone around the whole calf. Arth's folks had an ice house. For a refrigerator we had a gunny sack covered box and water dripping on the gunny sack under the trees. I always made my own bread and we grew our own fruit.

The grandchildren all enjoyed playing dressup in the upstairs and going on top of the house through the double window in Ralph's room. It was a treat to them to be able to stay over night at Grandma's.

When John and Marie were little, we had gone on the desert to help Ralph and Dad to gather the cows in. Dad had told me ~~to~~ put it in low gear and we got stuck in a sand wash. We ran after them calling to see if we could make them hear us. We knelt down and prayed that something would happen. The three of us then walked about a mile in the hot June sun when Owen Barton met us and hauled us back to the truck. When we got there some men had pulled it out of the sand so they could get by and we went on home.

I have been a relief society visiting teacher over 50 years and we have visited in almost every home in town. We have been asked to tell how it was in early days. We would ask for donations as each organization had to supply the means to run their organization. So, people would give us eggs butter or whatever they had. Sometimes we had to walk. We had two old sisters who would go for miles and carry buckets of eggs--Mrs. Behling and Mrs. Myers. They were so faithful. They seemed so tired when they got to our place; we would give them some refreshments.

In 1976, we were honored to be the Peach Days King and Queen. Our grand daughter, Wendy <sup>Kay</sup> Lemon, wrote us this tribute:

I'm proud to be able to introduce my grandparents; Arthur and Irene Lemon as Peach Day King and Queen, and tell a little about them.

One year, he was chosen by the State of Utah as the Cattleman of the Year.

Great Grandmother Lemon hired my Grandmother to help with the fruit, and that is how the romance between Grandma and Grandpa began. Grandma had looked the field over pretty well and finally decided on the "Sweet Lemon", the one that helped to grow such fine peaches in those days.

Because of financial circumstances at those times, everyone had to hunt for jobs. At the age of 16, Grandma went to work at the Oak Springs Ranch cooking for the ranch hands.

After they were married, and when the threshers came around and Grandpa started kidding Grandma about her cooking, she told him, "That's OK, I cooked for 10 different men before I married you."

Both Grandma and Grandpa were born and raised in Ferron, and have lived here all their lives. Grandpa is 84 years old, and Grandma is 78. It was a joke for them to tell people that they had 4 girls, and each girl had a brother. They have 27 grandchildren, and 26 great-grandchildren. I'm very proud of their great family.

WENDY LEMON

Our biggest tragedy was on March 21, 1976, when our house burned. In the morning, we had been to the south of the house burning leaves. That afternoon I was watering the evergreens in front of the house. I had struck a match to the lawn to burn the grass off and then went over by the garage. I heard a crackling and looked, the fire had caught the evergreens and went up to the roof. I called Arth, who had just gone to feed the cows. I finally ran in the house and called the fire department. The neighbors came over and tried to help with a hose. The fire truck was broken down at the rest home, so a gravel truck pulled it up here. It was empty. Three fire trucks from Castle Dale, Huntington, and Orangeville came to help, but by the time they got here the whole upstairs was gone.

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My Great Grandfather, John Carid Lemon, took up land under the Timber Culture Act. In order to prove up the land, he had to plant trees. He planted a grove of poplar trees, approximately ten acres. For several years, Ferron held their 4th and 24th of July celebrations in the Lemon Grove. There were several big, high swings, and many mock Indian battles were held in the grove. He also planted fruit trees, and a large orchard of peach trees. The trees did so well, that others in the community started planting fruit trees. They grew so much fruit, that they had to find a market for it. Peach Day Celebrations were started as a way to advertise the fruit crop.

In a recent letter to Grandpa from a niece, she writes, "I remember the first Peach Day, as I helped to pick the wagon load of free peaches that Grandpa took to town that day. That was Grandpa's idea for a harvest festival. The orchards in those days were large and beautiful, especially in this dry, desert country."

People from all over the county came to Ferron to get their fruit supply. Most of it went to the coal camps in Carbon county and nearby Emery County towns by team and wagons called "peddle wagons."

In 1906, Great Grandpa Lemon decided to expand his interests to cattle, and started wintering his herd on The San Rafael, or the Big Desert. Because Grandpa had such a way with animals, and especially with horses, at the age of 14, he was chosen to ride the range with the older men and learned the cow business from such great cattlemen as: Ern Wild, Chris Peterson, Lew Olsen, Sam Singleton, Pete Jensen and many others.

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People from all over the county came to help. They were able to save most of our furnishings. Uncle John Barton immediately got us a trailer, but we stayed at Ralph and Arlene's for a week while they got it all hooked up. We rebuilt the upstairs, but the contractors put their own ideas into the plan and our home isn't quite the same.

After the fire tragedy, Dad had two operations. One for prostate gland and one for the skin cancer on his ear.

It is the present time, May 1978. We have 27 grandchildren and 37 + ~~5~~ on the way, great-grandchildren.

*Andromeda's history as told to Virginia Eason  
Bauer, May 1978.*

Irena

Irena didn't like her name and was called Rena for short. When she was a child she became very ill and the doctor couldn't find what was wrong. Hannah decided to take her to the mountains for the summers. They took milk cows and made butter and cheese which seemed to help and so Irena was nursed back to health. *From the death of her the Dr said she had helped her recover.*

Irena was a pretty girl and very popular she had many friends. Irena and Neva and ~~her~~ friends would play school, Irena always got to be the teacher because she could stutter like Miss Shoemaker ~~her~~ school teacher Irena went to Oak Springs ranch in Salina canyon and hired on as a cooks helper to cook for the ranch hands, thus she became a very good cook She went to work at the John Lemon home where she met and fell in love with Arthur. Arthur had a good herd of cattle and had accumulated some money, When Irena and Arthur were married his sister had a partly finished house that that he bought, to take his new bride. They finished the house and have lived there all their life.

Arthur would tease Irena and say " he taught her all she knew about cooking". She would say " I cooked for ten men before I met you." to that he would reply "yes and they are all dead now."

Together they had five children first a boy Ralph and four daughters Mae, Maxine, Beth, Jeanne. Arthur was proud of his family. He would say he had four daughters and they each had a brother.

Irena and Arthur were hard workers and they taught their children how to work and the value of work. They always had a big garden and a lot of fruit trees. When Ralph went on a mission for the church and the service when WW2 broke out Irena and the girls would help by plowing and hauling hay. Irena and Arthur were generous and would hire youth to come and work on the farm and live in thier home.

Irena was active in the church, she was president of the primary for six years, secretary for the Relief Society, and a visiting teacher all her life.

Irena was free hearted and would give any one a bucket of fruit or some vegetables from her garden, She always said, One gives and shares of their fruit and garden goods and the Lord blesses them with more. When any one came to visit she would always serve refreshments or fix them a meal.

Irena and Arthur always had a beautiful yard and one day while they were out cleaning and burning an evergreen tree close to the house caught fire and before they could put the fire out it had reached the roof. People came to help carry the furniture out and save what they could. They lived in a trailer until the house could be restored.

Irena was industrious, a choice time was Hannah, Irena and her girls piecing quilts or cutting old clothes into rug rags. Irena made many beautiful quilts. As each child would marry and leave home she would make a beautiful quilt for her, and then as each of her grand children would get married she would make a beautiful quilt for them.

They were both good in business matters and were never in debt, they would loan money to people with faith that they would pay it back and it always came back with interest.

Arthur was awarded cattleman of the year and best farmer, together they had a lot of cattle land and money and a large posterity.

Irena and Arthur lived together and celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary. When they died it was within a year of each other.

## INTRODUCTION OF PEACH DAY KING AND QUEEN

FERRON PEACH DAYS, 1976

I'm proud today to be able to introduce my grand parents: Arthur and Irene Lemon as Peach Day King and Queen, and tell you a little about them.

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WENDY LEMON

### A Tribute to Arthur Lemon

Dad made us proud of the Lemon name as he would tell us how his father helped to settle this valley, -- and how his father was the first to bring fruit trees to Ferron. How his parents had big peach orchards and they started the Peach Days Celebration in Ferron. Mother and Dad were honored as King and Queen of the Ferron Peach Days in 1976.

Dad would tell us how his father helped to make the canal system through the town, to bring the much need water to the farms. I can remember in the summer we would all go up to Ferron Reservoir, Dad would take his team of horses, and a scraper. Along with other members of the town they would work the dam at the reservoir so it would hold the precious water so there would be enough during the dry summer months.

Dad loved his horses and cattle and took great pride in them. He had a work team he named Perch and Blaze. They were a beautiful sight when dad would hitch them to the bull rake to push the meadow or grass hay into the stack yard. Dad had a special way with horses. At one time he had a horse that was so mean, no-one dared to ride, but through good training and constant care he became a very good roping horse. Dad was amazing with a larait, he could rope almost anything he aimed at. Dad taught us the value of work, while we were growing up there was always work to do. Dad was never one to put off till tomorrow what could be done today.

Because there was only one boy in the family, we girls were called on to help where ever we could. In the summer we would tromp hay to load the wagon, then to stack the hay we would pull the big hay fork up and down with a horse until Dad got a tractor, and then we would use that.

In the middle of the afternoon Dad would call, "tell Ma to put the vessel on", and he would stop for a cup of coffee. But then he decided coffee wasn't for him anymore and he stopped drinking it. Dad was always honest in dealing with people and he taught his children this same principle.

Dad helped organize the county Cattlemen Ass. He was later chosen cattlman of the year (1957).

He never carried a watch, but he could tell the time of day by looking at the sun and he was pretty accurate. Garth often marveled at the energy and stamina dad had. When Garth was about 18, Dad was in his 70's ~~but he said he had a hard time keeping up with Dad.~~ Garth was helping Dad string wire on a fence, he said it wasn't a question of getting ahead of Grampa, he had a hard enough time just keeping up.

Dad was called as Ist Counselor in the Bishopric, where he served for 5 years. He loved the church, and he sent his son <sup>RALPH</sup> on a mission for two years. Then Ralph was called to defend his country, so Dad put his daughters to work again only this time a it was a little more strenuous labor. I remember coming home from school and changing into a pair of old slacks and taking the tractor out in the field to plow. We would help put the cattle on the mountain range and then in the fall, move them to the winter range.

He never knew the words I can't. He would always say I'll try to do the best I can. And if the going gets tough, just try a little harder. He never lost his temper or struck any of us, but we knew when he spoke, we had better listen. He never swore, or took the Lord's name in vain and he taught us it was wrong to use foul language. He was careful to make sure we dressed modestly and acted like ladies

Dad loved to talk Danish to us, we would ask him how he was and his answer was "so traut so traut" meaning so tired so tired. Sometimes he would tell us the story of why his mother called him Trausee Ho or Crazy Head. *(It's a story)* *Ellie Tounge* ~~the~~ *-tautae*

Mother and Dad loved to play Rook Cards and they would talk us into playing a game with them when we would go over to visit. Dad had a dry wit when he was asked how many children he had his answer was "I have 4 daughters and they each have a brother". Oh you have eight children? Dad would chuckle and say no I said I have 4 daughters and they each have a brother. 5 children.

As he got older he was asked how he was. He would answer Arthur Lemon is just fine but this old body he is in is about worn out. His sense of humor stayed with him right up to the last. Just a few days ago Claude and I were over to see him and Claude said you're looking good today, Dads reply was, I always was good looking and then he would chuckle.

Uncle Frank wrote a poem for Dad I would like to read.

A while before Claude and I were to go on our mission Claude was writing some poetry and he said it's nice for the person to be able to hear the honor that is paid him while he is still alive and so he wrote a poem for dad I would like to read.

They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Hawaii, Dad had a great time, and he seemed to grow younger just talking about it. They lived to celebrate their 70th wedding Anniversary.

Arthur Lemon

Grandpa Lemon is a grand old man,  
He's full of wisdom and love.  
Life hasn't been to easy for him  
Since he came here from above.

He worked, he sweat, he labored,  
He planned his work each day.  
He followed through, with what he had to do,  
For him there was no other way.

He earned his living raising cattle;  
It's what he always wanted to do.  
Farming and ranching was his way of life,  
He's done real well at it to.

His home has always been on the farm;  
His family, he's proud of each one.  
He loves his wife, she shares his life,  
They're proud of the things they've done.

He loves to spend time telling stories,  
As he dreams of the days gone by.  
His life is a living legend;  
If you're around him you'll understand why.

His life is nearing the end now  
And it isn't much fun any more.  
His body is weak, his sight near gone,  
He doesn't do things as before.

I'm sure there'll be a place for him  
When he comes to the end of his day.  
The Lord will be waiting to greet him  
With many kind words to say.

I'll always cherish my time with him  
And the example he has been.  
At the end of his time, his reward he'll get,  
He'll return to the Lord again.

Claude F Scovill

## ***To My Brother -- The Passing Years***

The dust of years has flecked the hair  
Of one who once strode lightly there  
Behind his faithful team and plow:  
He turned the soil to make it bear---  
Substance for those entrusted to his care.

The hands that match those shoulders broad,  
That, wielded axe, or bent the rod,  
Have too, with gentle care and thought---  
Guided tiny, trusting feet,--unshod--  
Through "clutching briar and bruising clod."

The deep hewn lines of cheek and brow,  
Record past years, relating how---  
With heart and soul and brawn, he strove---  
So mightily, to keep, a pledge, a vow!  
A solemn promise then, but sacred now.

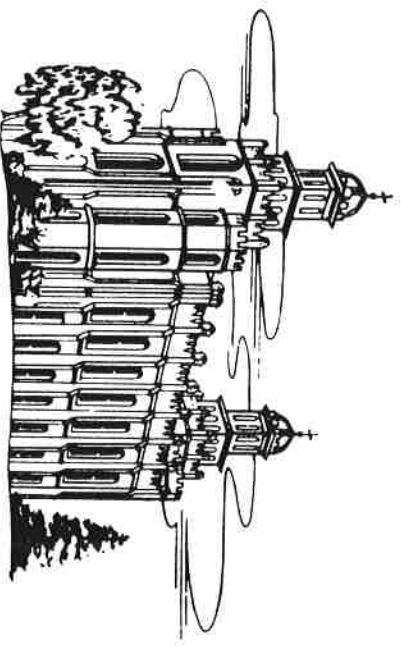
Tho' countless steps have slowed the pace---  
And toil and care have left a trace---  
Of silver in that crown of thinning hair;  
Yet, like the hidden beauty in an antique vase  
They've also left a gentle, kindly, rugged grace.

The Passing Years is dedicated to one, who thoughtfully,  
And anxiously "Guided," so many tiny trusting feet---  
Colts, calves, lambs, puppies, and children, yes,  
And a younger brother--"through clutching briar  
And bruising clod"! My brother.

---

*In  
Loving  
Memory*

*The family wish to express  
their sincere appreciation  
to all those who have shown  
love and acts of kindness  
during the loss of their loved one*



Fausett Mortuary  
Price, Utah

IN LOVING MEMORY

ARTHUR ANDREW LEMON

SERVICES

FERRON STATE STREET CHAPEL

DATE OF BIRTH

THURS. MARCH 3, 1988 1:00 P.M.

SEPT. 27, 1892,- FERRON, UTAH

DATE OF DEATH

FEB. 29, 1988 - FERRON, UTAH

PALLBEARERS

HALLIE A. LEMON WADE C. LEMON

LARRY STEPHENSON HOWARD A. STEPHENSON

LYNN B. JENSEN RAY A. JENSEN

ANDY MADSEN MARTIN WORWOOD

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

GARTH J. SCOVILL DENNIS A. SCOVILL

PAUL J. BARTON FRANK D. LEMON

WALTER RALPHS KENDALL STEPHENSON

GRAVE DEDICATION

WADE C. LEMON

BURIAL

FERRON CITY CEMETERY

CONDUCTING ..... BSP. RONALD BARNEY

PRE & POSTLUDE ..... YEREE DALE

FAMILY PRAYER ..... CLAUDE E. SCOVILL

MUSICAL NUMBER ..... FERRON 4th WARD CHOIR

INVOCATION ..... DWIGHT B. STEPHENSON

TRIBUTE ..... JEANNE SCOVILL

MUSICAL NUMBER ..... MARTIN WORWOOD

"THESE HANDS"

ACCOMP. JOANN COX

SPEAKER ..... JOHN R. LEMON

PIANO SOLO ..... ANN MCCALLISON

"NOCTURNE", CHOPIN

SPEAKER ..... HENRY LARSEN

CLOSING REMARKS ..... BSP. RONALD BARNEY

MUSICAL NUMBER ..... FERRON 4th WARD CHOIR

"ABIDE WITH ME TIS EVENTIDE"

BENEDICTION ..... GEORGE P. FERRON



Memories Of My First Home  
Irene Ralphs Lemon

Parley P. Ralphs was born July 25, 1858 and Hannah Marie Hansen was born September 7, 1867. Father was 26 years old and mother was 17 years old when they were married. They had been married 19 years and had eight children and one still born when father died at the age of 45.

Mother was 35 years old when her husband died and had 8 children to raise and support. She lived 93 years and was a widow for 77 years.

When Parley P. Ralphs' parents died, he and his brothers, Joe and John came to Ferron to live. Parley and John went with the Hansen sisters, Hannah and Eda. Grandpa Hansen brought rocks from Ferron Canyon to build a stone house. He told the girls that the first one married would get the house. Mother was working in Molen for thirty five cents a week. Her father made a trip to Molen to get her and when she arrived home, she found the table set and a big dinner prepared. Mother was so surprised when they announced Eda and John were getting married and so Eda was given the rock home.

Parley and Hannah were married two weeks later and built a little house in the meadow. Then later moved to town in the log home that Grandpa Hansen built for them. (This is the home that Walter and Lavon live in now.) At the time they moved into the new home, they had three little boys, William, Leon and Cliff.

Later Elwin, Mirl, Neva, Irene, and Walter came to bless their home.

When Neva was born, mother was so happy to think she finally had a girl. Mother said so many times, she would wake up in the night to see that her baby girl was all right. She was worried that something would happen to her.

I don't remember too much about my older brothers as they worked with my father on the farm most of the time. Clifton was the one that helped my mother in the house when she and father had bleeding ulcers. You have all heard the story of how we knelt around the bed and prayed that mothers life would be spared to raise her family. Mother promised the Lord that she would pay an honest titling and bring her children up in the church.

Father's life was taken and mother lived to keep her promise to the Lord. She always paid a full titling and brought her

children up in the church. I don't ever remember missing church. Mother sent Leon and Walter on missions.

After father died, mother picked up the pieces and lived for her children. We had a very happy home life. When the boys would begin quarreling and fighting, mother would get us all around her and read bible stories to us and the boys would settle down.

I went with the boys to gather drift wood from the river bed to burn in our fireplace. (We burned only wood). I was busy as a little bee, here, there, and everywhere. As the boys were throwing wood in the wagon, I got in the way and a log knocked me down and broke my collar bone.

The boys never let Neva and I go near the corrals. They would throw rocks at us when we came near. They did the chores and Neva and I helped in the house and garden. They had the farm, cattle, milk cows and horses to care for. The older boys would get jobs away from home to help with the finances.

Mother, Neva and I were kept busy in the house, cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning for six boys. Mother taught us to sew, embroidery, and crochet. Mother would knit long black stockings for us to wear.

We had a big tall separator with one spout in it. We would partly fill the separator with water and then pour the milk in it. The cream would rise to the top and we would let the milk and water run through a spout into a bucket. Then we would catch the cream in another container, and then churn the cream into butter. Sometimes mother would set the milk in pans and the cream would come to the top. When the boys would come home at night from their dates, they would skim off the cream and drink it. Will especially liked the cream.

We also made our own cheese. We would set the milk, put the coloring in it and then add rennet to make the milk clabber. Then we would dip the whey off and put the cheese in presses. We practically raised everything we ate. When corn, peas, tomatoes and other vegetables were in season, we would have them for breakfast.

My friends and I played school under our old Pottowattomie tree. I would always be the teacher because I could stutter like our school teacher, Mrs. Burdick.

Neva was saddled with a younger sister to care for and had to take me everywhere she went. One time she locked me inside the lot and wouldn't let me go with her and her friends. She had such a guilty conscience that she didn't enjoy her freedom at all. We only had one mirror in the home and when the boys were getting ready for dates, Neva and I had to wait, then after they were through Neva and I could use the mirror.

Mother, Neva, and I shared a bed in our only bedroom and the three boys shared a fold-away bed in the living room, and the three boys slept on the couch in the dining room.

Because Walter was the youngest and the others were all married, he was left to care for mother. He was always so kind, considerate, and thoughtful of her.

Although we were poor financially, we were rich in spiritual blessings.